

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Holla At Me"

(feat. Nancy Fletcher)

*[Nanci Fletcher (2Pac):]*

Niggas out there jealous cause we be bailin' with Death Row  
They try to playa hate, but they can't fade us though  
We be mobbin' through the neighborhood, yeah  
With that funky sound, so funky  
We be throwin' down  
(This goes out to you playa)  
(You know, you know who you are)

*[2Pac:]*

Gotta be careful, can't let the evil of the money trap me  
So when ya see me nigga, you better holla at me  
Gotta be careful, can't let the evil of the money trap me  
So when ya see me nigga, you better holla at me  
Gotta be careful, can't let the evil of the money trap me  
So when ya see me nigga, you better holla at me

*[2Pac:]*

Are you confused?

You wonder how it feels to walk a mile inside the shoes of a nigga who don't have a thing to lose  
When me and you was homies  
No one informed me it was all a scheme  
You infiltrated my team and sold a nigga's dreams  
How could you do me like that?  
I took ya family in  
I put some cash in ya pocket, made you a man again  
And now you let the fear put your ass in a place  
Complicated to escape, it's a fool's fate  
Without your word you're a shell of a man  
I lost respect for ya, nigga  
We can never be friends  
I know I'm runnin' through your head now  
What could you do?  
If it was up to you, I'd be dead now  
I let the world know, nigga, you a coward  
Ya could never be live  
Until you die  
See the motherfuckin' bitch in your eye  
Type of nigga, that let the evil of the money trap me  
When ya see me, nigga, you better holla at me (holla at me)

*[(2Pac) Nanci Fletcher:]*

(Gotta be afraid, don't let the evil of the money trap me)  
(So when ya see me, nigga, you better holla at me)  
You better beware where you lay  
We better not find where you stay  
(So I gotta be careful, can't let the evil of the money trap me)  
(So when ya see me, nigga, you better holla at me)  
You better beware where you lay

We better not find where you stay

[2Pac:]

Curious, spittin' lyrics on the verge of furious  
I'm addicted to currency  
Nigga that's why we're doin' this  
I got shot up, I surprised the niggas the way I got up  
And then I hit the studio, it's time to blow the block up  
No hesitation  
This information got you contemplatin'  
Heartbreakin' and eliminatin' with this conversation  
Break him and let him see the face of a mental patient  
It's a celebration of my criminal elevation, more participation  
I want members that call the fifty states  
To keep the nation anticipatin' until we break  
Will I be great, is it my fate?  
To live the life of luxury, some niggas bought my tapes  
So much jealousy it scares me  
So be prepared, cause only the strong survive  
Life isn't fair (fair)  
Probably never knew the way it feels to die  
So you see come fuck with me, I give that ass a try!  
Nigga, Holla at me

[(2Pac) Nanci Fletcher:]

(Gotta be careful, can't let the evil of the money trap me)  
(So when ya see me, nigga, you better holla at me)  
You better beware where you lay  
We better not find where you stay  
(And now I gotta be careful, can't let the evil of the money trap me)  
(So when ya see me, nigga, you better holla at me)  
You better beware where you lay  
We better not find where you stay

[2Pac:]

I should've saw the signs, I was blinded  
Criminal minds of a young black brotha doin' time  
So many brothas framed in this dirty game  
It's a shame, so much pressure on my brain while she blame me  
Secrets in the dark, only her and I know  
Now I'm sittin' in the state pen', doin' time slow  
Guess she made a bad decision  
That got me livin' just like an animal  
I'm caged up in state prison  
My niggas dissin' cause hell hath no fury like a woman's scorn  
A cemetery full of motherfuckers not knowin'  
Picture my prophecy I got some attacking me, on top of me  
I'm runnin' from the coppers, but never let 'em stop me  
Cause I'm a soldier  
Hell, ever since I was a little nigga havin' fantasies of one day getting older  
Niggas is paranoid, trust; a no no  
Love is a mystery, fuck the po po  
Holla at me

[(2Pac) Nanci Fletcher:]

(So when you see me nigga)

(You better holla at me)  
You better beware where you lay  
We better not find where you stay  
(Gotta be careful, can't let the evil of the money trap me)  
(So when ya see me, nigga, you better holla at me)  
You better beware where you lay  
We better not find where you stay  
(A nigga gotta be careful, can't let the evil of the money trap me)  
(So when ya see me, nigga, you better holla at me)  
You better beware where you lay  
We better not find where you stay

*[Nanci Fletcher:]*

Niggas out there jealous cause we be bailin' with Death Row  
They try to play a hate, but they can't fade us tho'  
We be mobbin' through the neighborhood, yeah  
With that funky sound (so funky)  
We be throwin' down

*[(2Pac) Nanci Fletcher:]*

(Gotta be careful, can't let the evil of the money trap me)  
(So when ya see me nigga, you better holla at me)  
You better beware where you lay  
We better not find where you stay  
(Gotta be careful, can't let the evil of the money trap me)  
(So when ya see me nigga, you better holla at me)  
You better beware where you lay  
We better not find where you stay

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Bobby F Ervin